Confusing The Classics

A CRITIC of music has stepped forward with the theory that "classics" are best appreciated when the hearer doesn't know they are classics, or anything about them—also that composers of a single period come to sound very much alike a few generations later on.

"The classics," declares Ernest Newman in one of the newer British weeklies, "enjoy an unusual immunity from criticism." And this, he believes, is the reason:

There are dull things in Bach, there are vapid things in Mozart; but the rash critic who should dare to speak of the dulness of Bach or the vapidity of Mozart would not be able to call his soul his own for the next fortnight.

It is only when we hear a classic without knowing that it is a classic that we can see it as it really is. I was once in my professional capacity at a concert at which a lymphatic gentleman played some lymphatic solos on that most lymphatic of instruments, the flute. Music written specially for the flute is not, as a rule, remarkable for its intellectual quality, and the flute music played that evening was quite up to the normal standard of emptiness. At the finish the flautist played a melody that struck me as being of even less intellectual substance than its predecessors, and in my notice of the concert next morning I said so. The next day a friend stopped me in the street and asked me, in awe-stricken tones, if I was aware of the blasphemy I had committed. This last melody, it seems, was an arrangement for the flute of one of Mozart's. My friend evidently thought that this guaranteed it; he was quite hurt when I pointed out that it was precisely because I did not know the melody to be by Mozart that I listened to it and judged it with ears unprejudiced. Had I known its authorship I might have been subconsciously prepossessed in its favor.

Bach May Steal the Horse

I often wonder what we should do and say here and there during performances of the Matthew Passion and the B Minor Mass, the Choral Symphony and "Tristan," if we did not know we were listening to Bach and Beethoven and Wagner. We pour the vials of our scorn on smaller men for boring us much less; so true is it that Bach may steal the horse while Saëns may not look over the hedge. Were the authorship of an unsigned work of Brahms in dispute, I wonder how many of our Brahms experts could and would criticise his workmanship with the same skill and freedom as that with which the workmanship of Romney was criticised in a recent trial.

That is one point; but a still more interesting one for musicians is what would happen now and then if scores, like pictures, were sometimes left unsigned or falsely signed, and their composers had to be discovered by the deductions of experts from internal evidence. We may think that the styles of the leading composers of to-day are so distinct from each other that no confusion between them is possible. Perhaps not at present; but what may happen in another two hundred years or so, when time and new and still newer developments of the vocabulary of music have given to the most diverse styles of to-day something of that air of resemblance that the once diverse composers of the sixteenth or seventeenth century now have for us?

I think it unquestionable that the time will come when, to the ordinary music lover, Delius and Debussy will sound as much alike as Mozart and Haydn or Wagner, and Elgar and César Franck as much alike as Couperin, Daquin and Rameau, or as Wilbye, Weelkes and Ravenscroft. Only the expert will then be able to distinguish between the modern styles I have cited, as only the expert can now distinguish between the older styles that were contemporary with each other. But will even the experts be able to speak with confidence?

During the past season the old debate over the contention that Gounod may not have been the composer of "Faust" was revived, preceded, possibly influenced, by the presentation of an inferior opera by the illustrious Bizet, creator of "Carmen." The English critic has some things to say about the general fallibility of the public—even the discerning few—in matters of estimating authorship. Dr. Johannes Schreyer, of Dresden, startled the world a year or two before the war by declaring that nearly a third of the works attributed to Bach in the great Bachgesellschaft edition are not by Bach at all. And—

Did Grieg Write "Madame Butterfly"?

Without going quite that far with him, it is tolerably certain that we conventionally admire Bach for more than one work of which he is innocent.

Were the unsigned score of "Rienzi" to be discovered by a later generation than ours, by what process of analysis would any expert dare to attribute it to Wagner? And if, for a century or two, Wagner's career had been supposed to have closed with "Lohengrin," would there be a musician in Europe courageous enough to attribute to the same composer the newly discovered anonymous score of "Tristan"?

If the score of "Madame Butterfly" had come to light for the first time in the twenty-second century, it might have been attributed to Grieg on the strength of the quite Griegish quality of the little slumber-song that Butterfly sings to the child in the last act. (I always get the feeling, when I hear this song, that the child's name must be Haakon.)

Even in a matter relatively so simple as the folksong, the recognized experts can go grievously wrong. When Elgar used a genuine Welsh folksong in his "Introduction and Allegro for Strings," a well known London critic, a prominent member of the Folk Song Society, declared it to be a poor imitation of the folk style. When the legend got about that a certain melody in "In the South" was an Italian folksong the same critic recognized the genuine folk quality in it, and it was distinctly unfortunate for him that the melody happened to be Elgar's own invention from first to last.

It is arguable, however, that the reason why the experts blunder is that they are not expert enough. I am sure that if the analysis of style and technique were conducted on thoroughly scientific lines—by the methods that have lately proved so efficacious in determining how much of Shakespeare is really Shakespeare and how much Peele or Greene or Chapman—certain formulæ could be isolated in each composer's work that would suffice, in most disputed cases, to settle whether a given piece of music were by him or not.

Elgar is very partial to phrases beginning with four falling notes of the diatonic scale; his first symphony is largely constructed on such a sequence. Grieg's falling thirds are notorious. Strauss bases the beginning of a large number of his melodies on the notes of the six-four chord; both the main themes of "Till Eulenspiegel" are only variants of this chord; other variants of it play a large part in "Don Quixote." It will be seen again in the first theme of the "Sinfonia Domestica," in some of the chief "Salome" melodies, and in "Elektra."

Every Composer Betrays Himself

Handel loves a melody that flows for the most part in smooth seconds, with an occasional return by a leap to the upper or lower part of the scale, followed by the same successions of seconds as before. "He shall feed His flock" and "Ombra mai fu" are typical examples. Many of Weber's melodies seem to swing up and down on a pivot; there is a sort of immovable centre, above and below which the notes rise and fall in virtual equidistances; see, for instance, the clarinet tune in the "Oberon" overture, or the E flat melody in the "Freischütz" overture. It is certain that every composer unconsciously betrays himself in similar mannerisms, whether of melody, of harmony, of rhythm, of orchestration or of general technique.

Careful analysis would provide the expert with so many indisputably personal points of style that his attribution of any unsigned work to its true composer could not be questioned. I believe that the authorship of the "Jena" symphony could be settled once for all by any one with the necessary leisure and opportunity for subjecting the work of Beethoven and his contemporaries to this sort of chemical analysis of style.

But leisure for this amplitude is not vouchsafed the average critic—much less the long-trusting public. In the last analysis one must be reconciled to taking much on faith.

Women Students in Prussia

(Revue Universitaire)

The number of women students has considerably increased during the war. According to Herr Geheimrat Tilmann, there study, at the present, 3,781 women at the University of Prussia; 19 in the theological, 68 in the judicial, 765 in the medical and 2,989 in the so-called philosophical faculty, embracing science proper, the candidates for all sorts of teaching positions, etc. Theologians? Yes, to fill the pastorates whose occupants died in the trenches or became incapacitated for their holy functions.

The Man Who Was Afraid

By Pierre Mille. *Translated by William L. McPherson*

One of the most poignant tragedies of war is the tragedy of fear in the heart of the soldier. To the infinite credit of human nature most men triumph over fear. When the test comes they put behind them the spectre of terror. They die, but they do not yield.

The weakness of the exceptional man whom fear conquers only emphasizes the moral fibre of the mass. It is not customary or edifying to write war stories about men in whom the fighting spirit fails. Yet the tragedy of such a failure has always to be reckoned with. In this story the author treats it sardonically. Maybe that is the most wholesome way to treat it—to laugh it off. Humor is one of Pierre Mille's gifts as a writer of war stories. He has also a fine imaginative quality and a clear grip on the realities of war, as many others of his contributions to French war fiction will attest.

IT IS impossible for me to tell you why the soldier Cruchard was a victim of fear—of a fear which never showed any abatement, which had not quitted him for a day, or an hour, or a minute in the six months which he had been at the front. It might, if you reflect on it, be more natural to put the question the other way and to wonder how it can happen that among three million men there are so few who are afraid, or so many, at least, who know how to conquer fear. Remember that before this war they were all like you and me—that they were afraid of the dark and its mysteries when they were little children; that later they were afraid of the deep water, of the fire which burned, of the horses which dashed by them in the streets; of bad dogs, of pain, of death, of things with which they were unfamiliar or which they knew only too well. They were like you, like me, like all the world.

And, all of a sudden, here are these three million men precipitated into the midst of the most frightful and most general cataclysm the world has ever known. What is the ferocity of nature compared with that of man? And with what feeble means nature works compared with those which man employs! What is the destruction of St. Pierre in Martinique by the volcano of Mount Pelée, which cost only forty thousand lives—the price of a single battle in this war which has lasted for more than two years and a half—what is the wrecking of Messina by an earthquake alongside the hurricane of shells which for the last thirty months has pounded, ground, reduced to impalpable dust hundreds of villages and towns, and then hundreds more?

And yet we see these three million men, who resemble you and me, face each day this terror, without succumbing to it. See how these men, day after day, with their muddy feet, with their miry feet set in the paths of glory, trample down and master the most legitimate and primitive of instincts—the first to be born, the last to disappear—the instinct of self-preservation.

Explain this miracle as you will. Invoke discipline, invoke patriotism, contagion of example and familiarity with danger, the treasures of energy and abnegation accumulated by the race, the will of intelligence triumphing over the hesitations of the flesh—it remains none the less a miracle.

Only the miracle was not produced in Cruchard's case. Let us assume that the others are super-men. He remained only a natural human being—and therefore nothing very much to boast about.

. . . . . .

Perhaps he had begun wrong. I once had a dog like that, in whose ears some one had foolishly discharged a gun the first day he was taken out to hunt. He retained an insurmountable horror of firearms. When he saw a gun he slunk away, his tail between his legs and hid in a cellar or a garret.

The events of the war, the first time he mixed into them, produced the same effect on Cruchard. He never recovered from his first fit of fear. On the contrary, its effects seemed to magnify with every new and disagreeable experience to which he was subjected. So that he reached the point not only of saying that he was afraid when he had reasons to be afraid and to conduct himself accordingly, but of talking about his fear when the causes of it had provisionally disappeared; of living in an anguish of dangers to come, of groaning and trembling by day, of trembling and groaning by night. He was not simply a useless soldier and a bad soldier. He was a dangerous and demoralizing soldier. He spread the contagion of his own panic.

They tried punishing him. He decided, without concealment, that no punishment could be equal to the discomfort of doing the things which could save him from punishment. His superiors tried to play on his feelings. They appealed to his honor, to his pride. But in vain. He answered:

"What would you have? I am afraid. That is a thing one cannot help. And I shall die of fear—that is certain. But it is still more certain that I would rather die of fear than by a bullet, by the explosion of a shrapnel or a bomb, or by a 320 shell, or any other of those miserable contrivances which make such a terrifying noise. Oh! that noise! I want to get away from it."

His only intrepidity was that of obstinacy. It ended by wearing out opposition. They had some scruples about shooting such a poor devil. You see, too, that he never absolutely refused to obey. He merely said that he was afraid and that it was impossible for any one to discharge one's duty when he was in a state of terror all the time. The colonel, to whom the case was submitted, finally said:

"What does that man do in civil life?"

They looked up his record and found that he was a baker's apprentice.

"Well," said the colonel, "why not make a baker out of him? Send him into the military bakeshop—anywhere, only so he leaves us in peace."

. . . . . .

That is how Cruchard won his personal victory before the Allied armies won theirs. He kneaded pans of dough, put them in the oven, took them out again and declared himself completely satisfied. Unfortunately there was a change in administration. One result of this change was to revive the soldier Cruchard's mental agony and his creepings of the flesh. An order came which sent back to the front, to the first line, all the men of his class.

This period of pacific repose had not altered his soul. Cruchard asked on arriving at the front:

"Is it always bad here?"

"Worse than ever," they told him. "Those pigs are always inventing something new. One has no longer a minute of tranquillity. The sector is becoming disgusting. You have only to look at the ground."

As far as his eyes could see the soil was torn up, to a depth of eighteen feet, as by the wheels of some gigantic chariot. And it continues its work—the chariot. Great shells buried themselves in the fearful mixture of slime, blood and corpses and then burst under the mass with enormous rumblings. It was as if the globe, the whole globe, had a stomachache and was revenging itself by crushing the little human beings who were lying flat on its surface. Cruchard felt deathly sick.

"I want to get away from here," he said. "This is no sensible place to be. It is no place to stay. They sent me to the rear. They found that it was just and useful to give me a good place in the rear. They had no right to change their minds."

"Old man," his comrades told him, with a sort of compassion, "it's all in the day's work. You're here and you'll have to stay here. It is the same thing with everybody."

"But it oughtn't to be the same thing with everybody. As for me, I tell you that I'm afraid."

But they only shrugged their shoulders. As if being afraid made any difference.

. . . . . .

Weeks passed and Cruchard's terror increased. One day, he reached a decision, all in a shiver:

"There is nothing else to do. I must write to my sister."

They joked with him.

"Who is she, your sister? Is she the foster mother of Lyautey? The cook of Poincaré? The cousin of the King of Montenegro? And even, you know, if she were all these at once"——

But that didn't prevent him from announcing presently:

"I've done it. I'm not going to stay here. I have written to my sister."

They thought that his fright had made him a little foolish. But one morning an order arrived at headquarters. The soldier Cruchard was demobilized. He was the only person whom this news did not surprise. He contented himself with saying:

"That was only natural, inasmuch as I had written to my sister."

They surrounded him. I am obliged to say that they envied him. He had become a personage, since he had done a thing which they considered impossible. The most stringent laws were waived in his favor. And who, then, was this all-powerful sister? He told them:

"Her husband is a cattle feeder. At Clamart."

"What of that?"

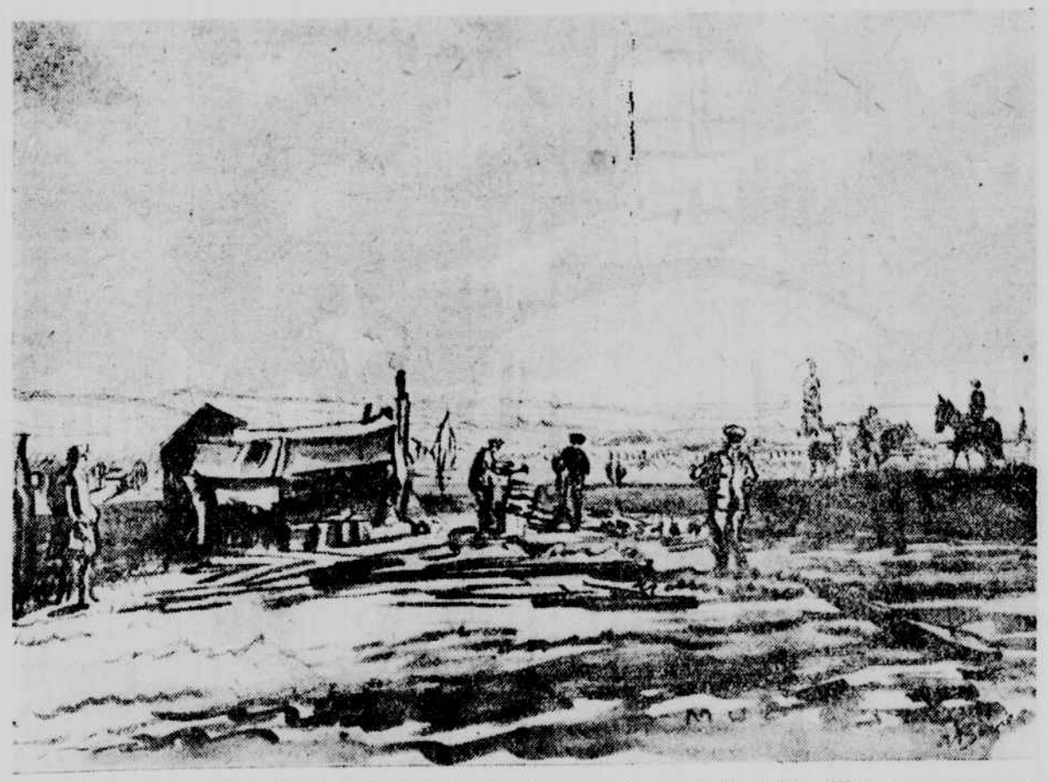
"For a long time she pursued me to do it. She said to me: 'It is your opportunity. If you want to get away here is your chance. Marry Jules's cousin.' But that didn't appeal to me. I must confess that she is not appetizing. I should have preferred some other way. All the same, when I saw how it was here I thought: 'Anything is better than this life.' And I wrote to my sister: 'Marry her. Marry her at once for me—by proxy.' It seems that she did so, for I am demobilized."

"But what had the fact that you married the lady to do with demobilization?"

"I was just going to tell you," explained Cruchard, with a sigh. "She is a widow, with three girls and three boys. So I have been demobilized as the father of six children."

And this story is really true.

On the Somme: "MUD"



At a camp near Albert, whose church, with the image knocked awry, is seen to the right. With the permission of the officer on the left some soldiers are fishing in the mud for such fragments of old timber, boxes and tins as may be of use to them in their field housekeeping, though they are not worth collecting for deposit at the official salvage dumps

(A Muirhead Bone drawing from a collection published by Country Life, London)

Current War Poetry

The Gods of War

THE Gods are grinding slowly, but the mills run red,
The cruel cogs are crunching, as the monster maws are fed.
There are muttered thunders sounding 'mid the clash of savage years,
For the wheels are clogged with moanings, and the bitter drip o' tears.
Glad days and nights of laughter into the past are fled:
The Gods are grinding slowly, but the mills run red.

The Gods are grinding slowly, but the fuel is piled up high,
The stars look down in sorrow, and the moon weeps in the sky.
A stench is on the southwind from the pyres on the hills,
There is ruin in the rivers, there is poison in the rills.
The souls of women wither, like the bodies of the dead:
The Gods are grinding slowly, but the mills run red.

The Gods are grinding slowly, but like mountains they are strong;
Their eyes are blind to suffering, and their ears are shut to wrong.
They've made a pact with Charon, and his boats wait on the shore;
Earth's minions stumble to them as the vengeful cannon roar.
The river Styx is heaving with the blood that mortals shed
The Gods are grinding slowly, but the mills run red.

The Gods are grinding slowly, but the mills are choked with foam,
Hate festers every hillside, Grief bides in many a home;
The winds of jealousy run swift across the smoking skies,
And Greed walks in the market place, o'er which the vulture flies.
Humanity, beneath their yoke, to sacrifice is led:
The Gods are grinding slowly, but the mills run red.

—J. Corson Miller, in *Pearson's*.

On Coming to Salonica

I SAID that Flanders held no charms for me,
Grew weary of the endless, supine fields,
The chafing pavé and the miry lanes
And dull monotony of mill and tree,
Till fortune took me into France—
And then I surely thought Romance
Would start to thrill me everywhere,
And visions of a storied past arise
In towns and hamlets and the people's eyes.
Alas! the ancient majesties had fled
From cities and from souls: (I thought) instead
Was only rude necessity, scant livelihood
Laboriously gained, and narrow lives
Lived out in narrow streets and stunted farms.
I was familiar with war's dread alarms
Through nineteen lagging months, till struck
The hour of that great epic of the Somme,
When long-leashed fury leapt upon
The foe, and broke his pride
And trumpeted his doom.
Yet little joy was left to me who read
That story in the purple script
Of dear lives done to death and stricken friends.

. . . . . .

Then, with chill loneliness about my heart
I came to Greece. Nor the delight of blue waters
Nor warm skies shall heal my smart.
The poignant loveliness of hills and sea
Brings added bitterness to memory.
And old Olympus scorning clouds
And tossing his white-blown locks
In the face of the sun, the Bermian rocks
Against the purple edge of Thessaly,
Calm waters laving listlessly
The long lank fingers of the Chersonese,
And Hortiac's twin heights and their bright company
Of romping hills that tumble to the sea,
And Salonica lying idly on the shore,
Like some old faded palimpsest
Cast there by centuries of ebb and flow—
All these seem but the gaudy, empty show
Of things, and hard and bitter is the core.
I may not dally with them like that careless boy
Who played with Helen's hair
When Death was busy at the gates of Troy,
Nor like those war-tried wanderers fain to press
To hungry lips the flower of soft forgetfulness.
It were a heresy for me to feast
On all this glorious riot of the East,
For this is Jupiter's domain—not Christ's!
Ah, no; my suffering God
Is in the flats of Flanders and the fields of France!
He walks
The chafing pave and the miry lane,
Is manifest in narrow streets and narrow lives
Sore buffeted by winds and rains
And daily crucified upon the Somme.

O friends of mine,
Still toiling in the middle fray,
And you, dear souls at rest
In Death's quiet trance,
O, how I envy you
The sweet humility of France!

Kalamari, 1917. P.

—*Saturday Review.*

Battles

I.

O WHEN the Fighting Spirit dies in one
And when one cries for only Peace and Rest
And days where no wild dreams are manifest,
Beware! the glow fades, deadened in the sun.
There is an urge no more where waters run
Shouting their challenge from the earth's scarred breast.
No great adventure calling from the West!
When dies the Fighting Spirit dreams are done.
On to the battle, Youth; The glory pays!
War lasts forever in the growth of things,
The changeless seasons and the winds of God.
War lasts forever in the heart that stays
True to a dream that fights to keep its wings
Out of the dust where broken men must plod.

II.

Since one must die, why die before Death's hand
Shuts off the sun and moon and seals the eyes
To smiles and tears, rainbows and stormy skies,
And all one hoped some day to understand?
O living death, O life in empty land,
When one's heart has no more a voice that cries
A challenge to the dullness and the lies
Of peaceful days, no voice of great command!
Give me a fighting chance for Victory
And I can better bear the great defeat
Than if I leave my sword of dreams to rust.
O Life be praised! I thrill that I can be
Here in the days whose bugle calls are sweet,
With dreams to fight for, and to love, to trust!

—Glenn Ward Dresbach, in *Poet Lore*.

"Misinforming A Nation"

THE most serious aspect of the indictment brought by Willard Huntington Wright in his criticism of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in his volume "Misinforming a Nation," lies in the fact that it is an indictment of ourselves, of our slavish imitation of Europe and of our lack of true nationalism.

His savage attack upon the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and his "exposure" of its well-known English view of the universe take on a particular meaning rather to those who have accepted it as an American textbook and who have ignored the merits of our own splendid encyclopædias.

But Wright, a most radical critic in art and letters, has performed a distinct service in his "critical examination." For example:

In our slavish imitation of England we have de-Americanized ourselves to such an extent that there has grown up in us a typical British contempt for our own native achievements.

The "Encyclopædia Britannica," in its main departments of culture, is characterized by misstatements, inexcusable omissions, rabid and patriotic prejudices, personal animosities, blatant errors of fact, scholastic ignorance, gross neglect of non-British culture, an astounding egotism and an undisguised contempt for American progress.

The article on "Democracy" is confined to the alleged democracies of Greece and their distinguished, if some time dead, advocates. Walt Whitman, Mazzini, Abraham Lincoln, Tolstoy, Switzerland, New Zealand, Australia, Finland, Iceland, Oregon are unknown quantities to this anonymous classicist. The author of the articles on "Sociology" is not very familiar with the American sociologists, still less with the German, and not at all with the French. The names of Henry George, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels are omitted.

In the field of literature Wright discovers even greater disparagement of things American. While numerous hobbies of English extraction are given columns of laudation, no mention whatever is made of the following American writers: Edith Wharton, David Graham Phillips, Gertrude Atherton, Winston Churchill, Owen Wister, Ambrose Bierce, Theodore Dreiser, Margaret Deland, Jack London, Robert Grant, Ellen Glasgow, Booth Tarkington and Robert Herrick.

Mr. Wright continues his lament:

Mrs. Oliphant is given over a column, more space than is allotted to Anatole France, Coppée or the Goncourts. George Meredith is given six columns, more space than is accorded Flaubert, de Maupassant and Zola put together. Bulwer Lytton has two columns, more space than is given Dostoievsky. Anthony Hope has almost an equal amount of space with Turgenieff and more than William Dean Howells. Kipling, Barrie, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Felicia Hemans are each accorded more space than either Zola or Mark Twain.

Although no English playwright is too obscure for extensive eulogy, if you desire any information concerning the development of the American theatre, or wish to know any details about David Belasco, Bronson Howard, Charles Hoyt, Steele Mackaye, Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch or Charles Klein you will have to go to a source other than the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Turning to the biography of Edgar Allan Poe, we find that this writer receives only a column and a half, less space than is given Austin Dobson, Coventry Patmore or W. E. Henley! And the biography itself is so inept that it is an affront to American taste and an insult to American intelligence.

Mr. Wright bitterly resents the scant treatment accorded Walt Whitman and laughs at the biography of one David Hannay, "an American who has long since become a world figure in literature. Hannay's claim to fame is his trivial 'History of the Royal Navy.'"

In painting the "Britannica" is evidently calculated to make French and American painters and critics turn scarlet with rage. Mr. Wright finds plenty of biographies of British sentimental painters, but does not find any mention of Cezanne. He continues:

Robert Henri, Mary Cassatt, George Bellows, Twachtman, C. W. Hawthorne, Glackens, Jerome Meyers, George Luks, Sargent, Kendall, Paul Dougherty, Allen Talcott and other American painters do not exist, although their English contemporaries are set forth in state.

In music MacDowell, Chadwick, Nevin, Sousa and Buck are ignored, though British music hall balladists are given ample biographies. In medicine Simon Flexner, H. S. Jennings, C. S. Minot, George Crile, Harvey Cushing and other American discoverers are ignored, while the Queen's physicians are lauded extensively, Luther Burbank, the American; Metchnikoff, the Frenchman, are unknown. In connection with the steamboat, Robert Fulton is mentioned as an after-thought, Thomas Edison receives only thirty-three lines of biography in a compendium which devotes whole columns to men of no particular achievement, while Alexander Graham Bell is given just thirteen lines. Wilbur and Orville Wright are not mentioned in connection with flight or flying, the space being monopolized by Sir Hiram S. Maxim.

In philosophy Mr. Wright finds that Freud, Jung, Bergson, Stanley, Hall, Josiah Royce, John Dewey are completely ignored and William James gets only twenty-eight lines, while innumerable English philosophers and æsthetists all but monopolize the columns. As for the political bias and the religious bias, those are separate matters which Mr. Wright does not spare either.

Blackwood On President Wilson

FROM "vague phrases" to respectable commonplaces," "Blackwood's Magazine" traces the development of President Wilson's mental reaction to war. In the course of some editorial "Musings Without Method" this terse epitome appears:

We are glad, with a certain irony, that the United States fight upon our side, because their alliance is a plain justification of our conduct during the last three years.

We have been fighting the battle of the United States for many months. There can be no man, not blinded with politics, who does not know that if England and France had been defeated in the field the United States would have been Germany's next victim. And yet we remember vague phrases about "peace without victory," and, worse still, hints that the two sides were fighting for the same object.

It seemed as though Mr. Wilson either mistook the meaning of history himself or put little faith in the intelligence of the democracy whose perfection he vaunts in his famous message. He recognizes at last that Germany is waging war against mankind. He confesses that he was compelled to choose between war and submission; that he could not suffer the most sacred rights of his nation to be ignored and violated.

Forgetful of what he had said in the past, he now asserts that civilization itself was in the balance, and that right is more precious than peace. With these respectable commonplaces of international politics we proved our agreement in August, 1914 when we sent our solemn ultimatum to Germany.

Songs That Make Soldiers Forget

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA says that his naval band of 200 members at the Great Lakes training station is to remain a permanent organization. Recently he was asked as to the kind of song the American soldiers will make their "Tipperary," and Mr. Sousa replied:

The song the soldiers are going to like is the song that does not constantly remind them of their being soldiers. No good soldier likes to be talked to about his patriotism. I should as soon care to be asked if I know anything about music. The fact that a soldier wears the uniform is the symbol that he is the guardian of patriotism. It is his job. As long as he is in the service it is his life, and when he sings he is not going to sing about himself, but something different.

I found that out during my twelve years as director of the Marine Band in Washington. On general review days the men were in motion almost constantly from early in the morning till late in the afternoon. By the end of the time they were generally hungry, and they were always tired. The music that brought them back home with their heads up and their feet swinging was not a series of patriotic hymns, but "Annie Laurie" and "The Old Folks at Home."